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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME XLIX. CHICAGO, JUNE 12, 1902. NUMBER 15

TOWER HILL SUMMER SCHOOL

A SCHOOL OF REST.

NATURE
POETRY
ART
HISTORY

Renew the Mind and you will Refresh the Body.

Miss Elizabeth C. Buhmann's Nature Work will occupy the first three weeks. T. R. Lloyd Jones, B. S., Superintendent of the Hartford (Wisconsin) Public Schools, will continue the work, and will present a scheme of public school science work.

Dr. O. G. Libby's "Bird Talks and Bird Walks," and Prof. E. C. Perisho's studies in local geology, as usual.

Evening lectures illustrated by Professors from the University of Wisconsin, Rev. H. M. Simmons, Jenkin Lloyd-Jones, and others.

Among the topics to be selected from are the following:—

BY MR. SIMMONS.
Webster & Parker.
Massillon.
The "Cosmic Roots" of Morality.
New Leaves of Scripture.

BY MR. JONES.
Tolstoy's War and Peace.
Browning's Ring and the Book.
A Remedy for Anarchy.
Pictures of Verestchagin, Illustrated.
John Ruskin,—The Right Use of Money and Culture.
John Ruskin's Right Use of Money and Culture.
Abraham Lincoln in Song and Story.
St. David's A Study in Cathedral Building.
Mother Bickerdyke, The Great Army Nurse.
Christianity Estimated by its Fruits, Its Place in the World's History.

BY PROF. O. G. LIBBY.
Illustrated Historical Lectures and on Bird Life and Lore.

Special Encouragement is given to the New Hunting at Tower Hill, taking the living, not life, with a camera. Dark rooms will be available for photographers, and stereopticons for the exhibition slides made on the ground or elsewhere.

See second and next o ast page of this issue.

CONTENTS.

PAGE.

NOTES 227
Co-Education Threatened at the University of Chicago ... 228
The Cup of Water.—WILLIAM BRUNTON 228
John Fiske.—Franklin H. Head 213

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.
The Old Testament Bible Stories—Chapter XXXV.—Jephthah's Daughter 233

THE STUDY TABLE.
Notes.—E. P. Powell 235
Some New Books.—Frederick Starr 236
The June Monthlies 236

THE FIELD.
Chicago—All Souls Church 237
Foreign Notes.—M. E. H. 237

Unity Publishing Company, 3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago.

Tower Hill Summer School

SUNDAY SCHOOL NORMAL WORK.

This School grew up around a "Six Years' Course in Religion" for Sunday School workers —now expanded into seven years. It has now reached the sixth year of the second time around, viz., the Growth of Christianity. This field was traversed in 1896 by Rev. Joseph H. Crooker. This year the work will be based upon stenographic reports of Mr. Jones's talks given before his Normal Class at All Souls Church, Chicago, and which he used in his Sunday School and Bible Classes during the year just closed. If the class so elect, instead of crowding the work into one week of an hour and a half sessions, it will be distributed through the five weeks, twenty-five half hours, from 10:30 to 11 o'clock, with an intermission of ten minutes before the poetry studies that will follow, shortened into one hour periods.

The Growth of Christianity.

Being the sixth years' work in the seven years' course in Religion. Stepping-stones across fourteen Christian centuries.

Things are not so ill with you and me as they might have been because of those who have lived faithfully a hidden life and rest in unvisited tombs.—George Eliot.

The aim will be to give a sympathetic view of the struggles of Christianity with ignorance and wickedness from the without, and fanaticism, bigotry and priest-craft from the within, from the close of the New Testament times to the beginning of the Reformation era.

Acknowledgment is made to Prof. F. A. Christie, of the Meadville Theological School, who furnished the first outline and list of books, also to Prof. Williston Walker, of the Yale Divinity School, and Prof. O. J. Thatcher, of the University of Chicago, for additional suggestions and comment that proved valuable in the preparation.

Maps, charts, pictures and stereopticon slides will be used as freely as possible.

I. Ignatius. d. 104-117.
"The Teachings of the Twelve Apostles."

II. Justin Martyn. d. about 163.
The casting of life into speculative systems. Gnostics, etc.

III. Origen. 185-253.
Early Christian philosophy.

IV. The Three Creeds. 325, 381, 451.
The great controversies.

V. The Emperor Julian. 331 (?)-363.
Dying Paganism at its best.

VI. Jerome. 340(?)-420.
The rise of monasticism.

VII. Augustine's "The City of God." 354-430.
The dream of a Christian commonwealth.

VIII. St. Patrick. 396(?)-469(?).
The great missionaries—Ulfilas, Columba, Augustin, etc.

IX. St. Benedict. 480-553.
The "rule" of St. Benedict and its ideal.

X. Gregory I (The Great). 540(?)-604.
The rise of the papacy. Transition to mediaeval religion.

XI. Mohammed. 570-632.
The birth of a sister religion. Another triumph of monotheism.

XII. Charlemagne. 742-814.
Crowned Emperor 800. The founder of the "Holy Roman Empire."

XIII. Alfred the Great. 849-901.
The great English king; the father of English literature.

XIV. Hildebrand. 1020(?)-1085.
"A great politician, who knew how to use one power against another"—J. H. Crooker.

XV. Abelard. 1079-1142.
The rise of intellectual activity.

XVI. Bernard of Clairvaux. 1091-1153.
Abelard's antagonist. A stout Churchman who feared such a free use of reason.—Crooker.

XVII. The Legends of King Arthur.
The rise of chivalry and feudalism.

XVIII. The Crusades. 1096-1271.
A contagion of fanaticism. The permanent value of earnestness. Peter the Hermit. Children's crusades, etc.

XIX. St. Francis of Assisi. 1182-1226.
The brother of the birds and fishes.

XX. Cathedral Building.
Examples—Strasburg and St. Davids.

XXI. Dante. 1265-1321.
Before this name the nations bow;
His words are for all of mankind,
Deep in whose hearts, as on his brow.
The marks have sunk of Dante's mind.
—T. W. Parsons, on a bust of Dante.

XXII. Tauler. 1300(?)-1361.
"The Friends of God."

XXIII. Wicliff. 1324-1384. Huss. 1369-1415.
The morning stars of the Reformation.

XXIV. The Black Death and Its Effects. Fourteenth Century.
Nature will not be trifled with.

XXV. Thomas a Kempis. 1380(?)-1471.
"The imitation of Christ."

XXVI. Torquemada. 1420-1498.
A study of persecution. The Waldenses.

XXVII. The University of Prague. 1438.
A study of schools. The rise of universities.

XXVIII. Columbus. 1446(?)-1506.
A new view of the world.

XXIX. Savonarola. 1452-1498.
Christianity in politics.

XXX. Michael Angelo. 1475-1564.
The Renaissance.

XXXI. More's Utopia. 1516.
A dream of a new social order.

UNITY

VOLUME XLIX. THURSDAY, JUNE 12, 1902. NUMBER 15

In the course of evolution there is no more philosophical difficulty in man's acquiring immortal life than his acquiring the erect posture and articulate speech.

—*John Fiske.*

The many friends of liberal thought in Chicago are happy in the privilege of welcoming home Rev. and Mrs. Hiram W. Thomas, who, after a sojourn of six months in their Florida home, are back again among their own in Chicago. Next Sunday Dr. Thomas will preach in his own pulpit at McVicker's Theater, and the People's Church will have an opportunity of rejoicing once more in his thought and resting in his love. One week from next Sunday he will occupy the pulpit of All Souls Church. It is expected that Mr. and Mrs. Thomas will stay in and around Chicago during the month of July. Dr. Thomas' message has been a Gulf Stream in the spiritual geography of Chicago for a quarter of a century,—cooling the torrid theology at the one end and warning the cold sordidness at the other end of Chicago life.

The Rev. Dr. Beaton of the Lincoln Park Congregationalist Church of Chicago had a sane word to say last Sunday concerning woman's place and influence in the religions world. It was a plain and needed word that he said concerning the men and their relation to the religious education of their own children. It ill becomes the masculine critic to sneer at the fact that the churches are largely attended by women. Dr. Beaton well asks, "Where are the men on these Sundays?" and answers, "Go to the baseball parks, the golf links, or perhaps the jails." It is fair to demand an accounting of the masculine influence in these directions. Said the preacher: "Think of the dead lift that the women have against this manly example, which stultifies their lessons and demoralizes all the children's ideas of personal honor and civic duty. It is a work that will never be done rightly until man and woman both engage in it, the model fatherhood, as well as the model motherhood of the state working for its betterment. The man must not force upon the woman a low ideal by his bad example nor poison the maturing minds of the children emerging into maidenhood and youth by stultifying every lesson of purity and honor which they learned at their mother's knees."

And now it is the staid, conservative and Presbyterian "Princeton" that has followed the example of Harvard and Yale in breaking with the time-honored traditions that the president of a great university must be a minister. There is every reason to believe that under the lead of a layman, Prof. Woodrow Wilson, Princeton will realize the new life that has come to Harvard and Yale under their lay presidency. This change does not indicate a decline of interest in the work of the minister or respect for the calling; but it does indicate an expansion, and an elevation of the office which requires that wider grasp of affairs, that more intimate acquaintance with the living forces of society in the present tense, which is now more possible to the layman with lofty ideals than to the minister hampered by the traditions and conventions of his office. The only department of higher education that languishes today is that devoted to the training of the ministry. In all denominations the theological schools are on the decline. They need an infusion of new blood such as would come from the sources from which the greatest universities of our country are deriving their vitality. When our divinity schools will dare trust this broader and deeper current of life and ignore the conventional standards, they, too, perhaps, will begin the new life and regain the confidence of the public, the interest and the enthusiasm of the noblest young men and young women of our land.

A correspondent is grieved over the harsh word we said concerning Cecil Rhodes at the time of his death. We would not, now nor then, speak ill of the dead. Neither would we nor our correspondent let death blind our eyes to the true perspective. We gladly accept the sentence of our correspondent concerning the ideal of Cecil Rhodes as revealed in his will, that "it is the greatest ever lived for and died for by a selfish, mercenary man." These are about the words we then used. "Selfish" and "mercenary" are harsher words perhaps than we used. They are words that represent ugly things, even though they are applicable to races and to nations rather than to men. We are glad to see "the soul of truth in things erroneous and the seed of error in things hurtful." We ever rejoice in the wisdom of the text that says, "He maketh the wrath of man to praise him." And so we hope that out of this bitter Boer experience the English people will learn sweetness, tenderness and patience. It would have been better a thousand times if England had secured the well being of her subjects who were forbidden the citizenship they asked for in a foreign land in some other way than by this terrible war. The rights, indeed the existence, of the Utlanders were speedily forgotten in the stress of battle, as were the cries of the hungry Cubans forgotten when the American flag was pushed into the far-off islands of the Pacific. But with our correspondent, we rest in the faith that where there is not the wisdom among men to *rule* righteously there is a higher wisdom that *overrules* their action to benign ends.

In the death of Dr. John Henry Barrows, Oberlin College has lost an active, aggressive, progressive president, the new orthodoxy a genial representative, and the movement towards a unity of the sects, which he loved to call "Chris-

tian Unity," a conspicuous leader. Dr. Barrows has been well called the St. John of the Chicago pulpit, for his geniality was persuasive. He will be long and lovingly remembered as for many years the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Chicago and as president of Oberlin. But he has made for himself a permanent place in the history of religion as the successful president of the Parliament of Religions, the authoritative two-volume history of which was prepared under his eye and hand. The triumph of the Parliament made him lecturer on Comparative Religions in the University of Chicago. Through him the Haskell Museum of Religions, in the same institution, was founded. The religions of the so-called Pagan world found in him a sympathetic if not a critical student. The Christian bias was strong in his nature, but in his missionary tour around the world he probably came nearer to the heart of the Orient than perhaps any other accredited representative of the Board of Missions. This nearness was bargained for by the personal acquaintance with so many representatives of Oriental faiths made through the Parliament of Religions, and still more on account of the mellowing of the mind and the amelioration of the dogmatic spirit which was the inevitable result of the intimate contact with the fundamentals of religion, necessitated by the Parliament of Religions. Dr. Barrows was a man of a clear head, but he was guided in the ways of truth more by the leadings of the heart. His going out of life's work has withdrawn a comrade from the broader fellowship.

Co-Education Threatened at the University of Chicago.

So quietly and skillfully has the agitation been conducted *inside* of the University management that the general public has scarcely heard of, much less realized, the far-reaching significance of a movement which, if successful, will practically be an abandonment of the principle of co-education in the Junior College departments of the Chicago University.

Co-education in academy, college and university is a dearly bought triumph, as many think, in the educational world. So far as state universities and most of the modern established colleges in America are concerned, it is a closed question. The triumphs of Horace Mann at Antioch, of Finney at Oberlin, the forethought of the founders of Cornell University, the Leland Stanford, and we think all of the State Universities in America, would seem to be conclusive in this matter.

Yet it is but fair to say that the traditions of the older universities in Europe and America and the convictions of many men and women in the educational world still look upon the principle with distrust and perhaps regard the practice as still experimental. There are no "closed questions" to the philosopher and to the believer in progress. If the management of the Chicago University proposes to open anew this question it is its right and privilege so to do. But let it be opened upon its merits, and let the public, who have so much interest in this University and still more boundless interest in the right education of both men and women, fully realize the far-reaching significance of the movement. However the University was founded, and wherever the management is placed, the public has vested rights in such an institution. The management holds in trust not only the bequests of many individuals, some of whom are already dead, but the tender associations of a long line of alumni and alumnae. And all these have a right to object to the surrender of a vantage gained, without at least a thorough publication of the facts that lead to it; and, if need be, a thorough sifting of the rights of the dead and the living in this matter before the highest tribunals of justice provided by law.

The plan, as we understand it, is to construct separate quadrangles on remote sections of the University grounds or on new grounds to be acquired, where the young men and young women of the Junior College will be segregated, in separate class rooms, recitation rooms, and general assemblies. During these two years the *co-education* will then consist chiefly in the fact that they pay their fees into a common treasury, receive instructions from the same teachers, and that they hurrah for the same flags. This may be a good way, but it is not co-education, and it is better to avoid any sophistry in the matter. If girls and boys are to be isolated one from the other during these study years their parents may prefer to choose an isolation still more effective, that which has the advantage of clear-cut frankness, philosophic consistency, an unmixed tradition, and an unclouded title.

Behind all this movement there is the insidious promise of a million and a half or more dollars to build "model dormitories" and to make beautiful surroundings. But money does not make universities, though in these days universities may not be built without money. And there is a principle here involved for which many men and women have sacrificed and suffered and for the blurring of which no millions will atone.

We have reason to believe that this movement is further advanced than the public realizes, and that even in these days a vote is possible which may precipitate this, to many minds, grave reactionary movement. Let not this thing be done without such protest and publicity before the act as may save much strain and perhaps scandal after the act.

Let not the real thing be hid by any innocent sounding phrases, or the pedagogical problem be evaded by simply calling it an "administrative" one.

We do not propose in this issue to consider the merits of the arguments urged either for or against the movement. We simply call for that publicity which here, as in all other realms of public interest, is so sanitary.

Let the friends of co-education be on the alert; let them know what it is that is proposed, and why the proposition is made.

We have refrained from speaking of this matter until we were persuaded that it is a living issue, a pending change of vast significance. This is not a woman's question. The future quality and character of the education provided for boys as well as for girls is here involved. Let fathers and mothers look into it.

Here is a question for teachers, women's clubs, the religious conventions, and all associations related to human progress and public weal, to take hold of. If anything is to be done in the way of holding up the hands of the clear-sighted men and women in and outside of the University faculty and management who believe that co-education, thorough, consistent and unflinching, is worth maintaining, let it be done quickly, done intelligently, and done efficiently.

UNITY would promote publicity and invite expression on this question, which has vastly wider significance than the policy of the University of Chicago, immeasurable as is the significance in this direction.

John Fiske.

By FRANKLIN H. HEAD.

[*Read at the Memorial Service at All Souls Church, Chicago, June* 1, 1902.]

I first met Dr. John Fiske in 1888. He had been giving a course of lectures in St. Louis, and stopped in Chicago for a day, sending me a note of introduction from a mutual friend in St. Louis. I called upon him at the Palmer House, took him home to dinner, and thus commenced an acquaintance and a friendship which was only terminated by his untimely death. For ten or eleven years after this visit he came annually to Chicago, remaining for four or five weeks at our house while lecturing here and in the neighboring towns. He never seemed to take a trunk when on his travels, but would arrive at the house in a cab loaded inside and outside with big gripsacks and dress-suit cases, eight or ten in number, and mostly full of music books and books of reference to use at his leisure hours in his historical work. When not lecturing or otherwise engaged he usually wrote for several hours each day, and many chapters of all his historical works except the first and the last volumes were written at my house. To his friends he was most lovable; was genial, companionable, childlike in simplicity and profoundly wise. To his friends life will be forever shadowed by his loss. They will miss

> "The sound of a voice,
> Tender and sweet and low,
> That made the earth rejoice
> A year ago."

For many years before meeting Dr. Fiske I had read with eager interest his writing in elucidation of the then new philosophy of evolution, the universal reign of law. Through him, as was the case with thousands of others, I was first introduced to the studies of Darwin, Huxley, Spencer, Wallace and the other great leaders of modern thought, among whom he won an honored place. When I first met him he had just published his first historical book, "The Critical Period of American History." I had known him only as an evolutionist and said to him: "In your last book, are you not getting out of your proper field?" "Oh, no," he replied, "I am just getting into it." He then proceeded to explain that several years before he had planned to write a history of the several separate English colonies in America, from the time of the settlement of each to the close of the Revolutionary War, when, for the first time, they were organized as a nation. That when commencing this work he had at the same time become interested in the new philosophy, and soon realized that henceforward no history could be written except from the standpoint of an evolutionist; that he had read what had been published on the subject and then visited England, made the acquaintance of Darwin, Huxley, Spencer and Wallace, and spent a year going over with them the scope of the new science, its victories achieved and the new world it must conquer in the fullness of time. Then returning home he wrote, published and lectured for several years as to the new science, and thus fitted himself for a writer of history, who must formulate the laws by which nations develop, must show how national characteristics are formed, partly from inheritance and partly from the influence of environment. As to the American colonies, he must show how their inherited tendencies in a new land, without traditions and with abundant room for expansion, had developed a distinct nationality, conserving most that was good in their ancestral peoples, to whom their indebtedness was vast, but better adapted for their environment than aught that had existed before.

Dr. Fiske was graduated from Harvard when twenty-one years of age. When twenty-seven years of age he was appointed university lecturer on philosophy. For several years thereafter he had charge of the monthly review of scientific progress in the *Atlantic Monthly;* was appointed in 1870 assistant librarian at Harvard, and while thus engaged wrote an article on librarians' work, which is to now the guide for our ablest librarians in their duties. To 1874, when thirty-four years of age, he wrote and lectured in the principal cities of the country on the New Philosophy and the work of Herbert Spencer, its greatest expositor, and in 1874 he published his "Outlines of Cosmic Philosophy," which contained the substance of his various lectures; which was widely read, and which is as yet the most lucid and popular exposition of the theories of evolution.

Up to the time when he was forty years of age he gave his time and efforts largely to the exposition of the New Philosophy, after which time he felt himself able to commence what had been the hope of his life—the writing of American history from the standpoint of an evolutionist. His two volumes on the Discovery of America, a magnificent prose epic, than which there are few greater narratives in our language, and the two volumes of the History of the Revolutionary War marked the limits of the field he had sought to cover. Within this period he aimed to write the history of each of the colonies. At the time of his death this plan was completed except the last work of the series, New England and New France, and when I saw him in April last he told me that two months' work would complete these volumes. This last work of his original plan did not receive his finishing touches, but was sufficiently far along so that it will be published during the coming year. After completing this book he planned to spend a few months in England, where he wished to have a last visit with Herbert Spencer; on his return he expected to begin a new history of the nation from the close of the Revolutionary War to the election of McKinley. He told me something of his plan for this work, a plan so broad, so philosophical and in certain lines so new, as to indicate that his death before the doing of it was a national calamity.

The stories of the precocious boyhood of Fiske rival those told of Macaulay or John Stuart Mill. At seven years of age he was reading Cæsar's Commentaries; at nine he had read all the great English authors; at thirteen all the principal Latin ones; before entering Harvard, at seventeen, he had mastered Greek, Latin, German and the Romance languages, was familiar with the best literature of these several tongues, and had a considerable knowledge of Hebrew and Sanscrit. He had a marvelous facility in acquiring languages and during his college course he mastered half a dozen more of the modern languages; was a brilliant scholar in the requirements of the college curriculum, and had read widely in science, philosophy and history. His memory was equally phenomenal; he never seemed to

forget anything he had ever heard or read, and all this vast accumulation of facts and fancies seemed to be arranged and classified and subject to instantaneous call. One evening at my house something was said about Sam Weller and the conversation drifted to the Pickwick Papers. Mr. Fiske began to repeat verbatim long extracts therefrom. He gave the whole of the trial of Bardell vs. Pickwick, the examination of Sam Weller and of Mr. Winkle, the speech of Sergeant Buzfuz and so forth. Then Ben Allen and Bob Sawyer, Miss Sally Brass, Dick Swiveller and the Marchioness and others of the characters in the Dickens stories were brought in and Dr. Fiske would repeat pages and pages relative to these fascinating people. He said that he was delighted with these stories as they were first printed and did not recall ever reading them since, but he repeated verbatim passages pages long which he had read thirty or forty years before.

Mr. Fiske had the faculty of rapid reading ascribed to Macaulay; seemed to absorb a full page at a glance as an ordinary reader would a line. I recollect an instance in point. Soon after the death of Dr. David Swing I had supervised the publication of two volumes of his unpublished essays. Dr. Fiske and Swing were warm friends, and many were the delightful Sunday afternoons they had passed together at my house. One day after dinner Fiske asked for the two volumes and turned over leaf after leaf in each until he had gone through the two volumes—400 pages—in an hour. He spoke of how he had enjoyed the reading and how the various papers reflected the broad scholarship and sound philosophy of the great teacher. But a short time before I had read the contents of the volumes three times with great care, once in manuscript and twice in revising the proof sheets. It did not seem to me possible that he could know much about the essays, and I began to ask questions, with the result that I saw that not a point in the two volumes had escaped him; he was actually more familiar than I with every subject discussed in the books.

With all his vast accumulation in every department of human knowledge, he had the faculty of clear statement, to which clear thinking is a prerequisite. Darwin, after reading the Cosmic Philosophy, wrote to Dr. Fiske, "I never in my life read so lucid an expositor—and therefore thinker—as you are," and Herbert Spencer said substantially the same thing. It was this gift of a brilliant mind, formulating its thoughts in transparent language of absolute precision, which especially fitted him for making understood by a wide general public the facts and formulas of evolution, which before that time had been scarcely understood outside the ranks of specialists.

The first publication of Dr. Fiske's, so far as I have been able to learn, was an article in the *National Quarterly Review,* published when he was nineteen years old, and in his sophomore year at Harvard, entitled "Fallacies in Buckle's History of Civilization." The article is a marvel of learning, clearness of statement and eloquence for a man of any age. He does full justice to the work, which was an epoch-making treatise. He says of it that in breadth of views, in the candor with which they are stated, in wealth of erudition, and the honesty with which he applies his facts, in the love of liberty which pervades his work and the eloquence which invests all parts with an undying charm, he has few equals in any age. In Fiske's review he takes up and discusses the four great laws which Buckle in his three volumes lays down as the basis for his history of civilization.

The first of these laws, that social changes conform to fixed laws, is true, but not new. Many writers have given vague glimpses of its coming. Voltaire almost formulated it, and Auguste Comte established it by absolute proof.

The second law defined the relative value of intelligence and morality in the progress of civilization. Fiske shows as to this that, as formulated by Buckle, it is in conflict with the first law; is contradictory in its different parts, and is throughout confused and vague, showing that Buckle had not a clear idea of what he sought to prove.

The third law was that permanent skepticism was the greatest factor in progress. This is partly true and partly untrue. When skepticism means a condition of doubt until proof be established of the truth of a theory it is true, but when proof is made, doubt is a drawback, and the law is untrue.

The fourth law defined the difference in results between the deductive and inductive methods of reasoning, and was illustrated with marvelous skill from the histories of England, Scotland and Spain. The reviewer pointed out certain errors, but as a whole said that the discussion showed a depth of thought and an extent in learning unsurpassed in historic literature. Fiske's review as the work of a boy of nineteen seems to me unparalleled in learning, clearness of statement and maturity of judgment, a worthy review of a great work.

For several years after his graduation Dr. Fiske published much of his work in the *Atlantic Monthly,* outside his Cosmic Philosophy and purely scientific papers. His first publication in this periodical was a review of Edward L. Youmans' class book of chemistry. He was then twenty-two years old and a student at the Harvard Law School. The article is most remarkable for so young a man. It embodies the most important qualities of his maturer years. Its style is at once striking and simple; it shows vast reading in all fields of research, and surveys the subject from a lofty and comprehensive standpoint. It is almost unstinted in its praise of the volume, but indignant at one point, in which he claims Dr. Youmans is unscientific; his use of the ever vague and unsatisfactory term *ether.* The book of Youmans' was, when issued, the most in accord with modern science of anything before then published. It banished the words *caloric, phlogiston,* or fire as elements—forms of matter, and placed them instead with sound and light as modes of motion. It illustrated the motion of all forms of matter in its ultimate atoms as its normal state, and argued that the balance determined the existence of matter, and that what could not be weighed was not matter. Fiske's wide reading and study is illustrated when, in referring to this point, he quotes in its support from Goethe's mystic poem of Faust. He says: "The wondrous phenomena of light, heat and electricity are now seen to be due to the rhythmetrical vibration of atoms. There is thus no such thing as rest; from the planet to the ultimate particle all things are endlessly moving, and the mystic song of the Earth Spirit in Faust is recognized as the sublimest truth of science. The spirit says:

> "In the current of life, in the tempest of motion,
> In the fervour of act—in the fire—in the storm,
> Thither and thither,
> Over and under,
> Wend I and wander.
> Birth and the grave
> Limitless ocean,
> Where the restless wave
> Undulates ever,
> Under and over
> Their ceaseless strife,
> Heaving and weaving,
> The changes of life,
> At the whirring loom of Time unawed
> I work the living mantle of God."
>
> —*Translated by J. Anster.*

John Fiske was married when twenty-two years of age to Miss Abby Brooks, of Petersham, Mass. The marriage was a happy one. His home life was always most satisfying and beautiful. Her brother, James Brooks, a business man of Boston, had a beautiful

home in Petersham, which had been in the family for some generations. Dr. Fiske and his family were from the time of his marriage frequent visitors to this family home. I once, on the invitation of Mr. James Brooks, accompanied Professor and Mrs. Fiske to spend Sunday at this home.

During Dr. Fiske's summers at Petersham he was visited by many famous and interesting people, who have in many ways recorded their delight in his good comradeship. Huxley on one of his visits to America spent, with his wife, a week at Petersham; a week full of conversation, witty, frolicsome and wise, with drives to points whence could be viewed Monadnock and Wachusett, with picnics and camping-outs in the pine forests. Huxley wrote Fiske from England that nowhere in America had he felt so thoroughly at home and in sympathy with his surroundings as at Petersham—a week made up wholly of red-letter days.

There is but little room for pure originality in the work of an historian. The most of the facts and incidents—the personality of the leading characters—the dates of the principal events—are common property. But from Dr. Fiske's standpoint bare facts or a vast aggregation of isolated facts were almost worthless in themselves; their value was developed, when in the hand of a master these facts were classified—their relation to each other shown, and when by the grouping in proper sequence of these isolated facts would be built up a systematic whole, illustrating some great epoch in a nation's life. To many writers of history all facts are of equal value. From Dr. Fiske's broad horizon little drawbacks which other writers magnify disappear, but facts of real moment, even almost insignificant at first view, are clothed with new value as parts of some movement, some development greater than themselves. He grasped facts in their relations. His usefulness as a historian was primarily in his power to present to the average man the revelation of the continuity and necessary sequence of the events in the national life; of the significance of the crisis which attended various stages of development, and that when viewed from a sufficiently broad and lofty standpoint, each crisis was inevitable, had its use and taught its lesson. For a mastery of his subject without dullness, for lucidity, charm and enthusiasm in his grouping of events and bringing them in true relation before his readers, we have never known his equal. Especially is this true of his work in abstruse philosophical or historical subjects, which he has made luminous and transparent by his intellectual clarity.

In his work as a writer on Evolution he was in great part simply an expositor—a teacher of what had been put in form by Spencer, Huxley, Darwin and Wallace—but his own contribution to the new philosophy was important and was repeatedly recognized as of great value by his masters. This contribution was the important part in the development of the race borne by the lengthened period of infancy in the human child. There came a time in the evolution of man from a lower type of animal life when his intellect had placed him in advance of all other types, and where cunning and the ability to use rude weapons became of more value than simple physical strength. He was, for example, far less powerful than the gorilla—his possible ancestor. The human child became much weaker and more helpless at birth than the offspring of any members of the purely animal kingdom. In the case of animals, while the maternal instinct is necessarily developed to some extent, the paternal instinct is as a rule not developed at all. Yet where the newly born offspring within a few days is in a large measure able to care for itself, this instinct is but rudimentary as compared with the human race, where great care and kindness for a long period are indispensable to the preservation of the species. This care for the first time calls for the aid of both parents, the mother no less than the child must be cared for, and thus for a long period the parents and the new-born child are necessary to each other, and thus gradually the segregation leading to the family was evolved—the life-long relations of father and mother, of husband and wife—and with this came love, the human faculty which is divine, and which is the corner stone and indispensable element in even the rudest form of civilization. This theory—the contribution of Dr. Fiske to the new philosophy—is of great value, as it is almost the only humanizing element in the doctrine of evolution. Elsewhere the doctrine of selection and of the survival of the fittest is constant and merciless; in all forms of lower life, the tooth and claw—pure physical prowess—are the mighty factors through all ages. Everywhere the strong devour the weak. The pages of this history are written in blood. Without this prolongation of infancy, the man might have become formidable among animals through sheer force of sharp wittedness. But without this mighty factor he might never have comprehended the meaning of such terms as self-sacrifice or altruistic devotion. The phenomena of social life would have been omitted from the history of the world and with them the phenomena of ethics, of religion and of human love.

Upon the first publication of the theory of evolution showing the vast age of the world and illustrating the methods of change through uncounted ages to its present state, it created great disturbance among the theologians of all schools, who denounced the new doctrines as blasphemous and calculated to destroy the very foundations of religious belief. Vast numbers of people felt that if the world was really more than six thousand years old, and had been uncounted millions of years in its building instead of six days; if the old beliefs upon these points must pass away, all the other teachings of the Bible must go also, and they felt the slipping away of all belief in spiritual things. For a long time this large class of people could not realize that there could be but one form of truth—that it was utterly impossible there should be a conflict between scientific and religious truths, and that, with fuller intelligence, this seeming conflict would be exchanged for an enduring and mutually beneficial alliance.

To bring about this alliance no writer has done more than Dr. Fiske. He was essentially a man of a most reverent nature and imagination. His writings in the interpretation of the New Philosophy took on with passing years a note of higher spirituality. His three small volumes—"The Descent of Man," "The Idea of God" and "Through Nature to God," have had a wide circulation and no stronger argument has ever been made upon the greatest of all questions—the question of a life beyond life—than is set forth in these small volumes.

The human soul is the highest creative effort of the Supreme Power which governs all worlds, and as chemistry has demonstrated that no form of matter ever perishes, but may undergo great changes, can it be supposed that the result of the sublimest of all creative efforts is the only thing which does perish? This statement from analogy is ingenious, but not conclusive, Dr. Fiske concedes that we have absolutely no evidence of a future life. No soul has ever returned across the border with tidings of a paradise. But a presumption is raised from the fact that every nation, even the lowest tribes, has a belief in a future state, and the universality of this belief, which seems inborn, cannot be disregarded. Again Dr. Fiske argues that it is impossible for us to ever have any evidence of a life apart from some form of matter, and that we should not look for or expect such evidence, that the fact that no such proof was forthcoming did not at all militate against the existence of a future life. All our

experiences are in connection with material things, and the human mind cannot apprehend anything outside the range of possible experiences. If the soul survives the body, then, and then alone, can it recognize spiritual things.

There was much genial banter in this field between Dr. Fiske and his longtime friend Huxley. Huxley was known and called himself an agnostic. His belief, as stated by himself in a few words, was that it is practically beyond the power of science to adduce any evidence in support of the soul's survival of the body, since the whole question lies outside the bound of our terrestrial experiences. Despite this Fiske used to quote with delight and full approval the words of Mr. MacMillan about his friend—"that there was so much real Christianity in Huxley that if it were parceled out among all the inhabitants of the British Isles there would be enough to save the souls of all, with plenty to spare for the adjoining people." He also used to quote with emphatic endorsement Huxley's saying that whatever mistakes he had made, he had never bent the knee to those unutterable humbugs, Benjamin Disreali and Louis Napoleon. It seemed to me, however, that Dr. Fiske had a sort of sneaking, Bohemian admiration for the two men who had fooled so many people for so long a time. Fiske used to tell of Huxley's first visit to his home, which occurred at once after his landing in America. He had heard from his American friends of various eatable luxuries, not to be found among the effete peoples of the old world and was evidently watching for their appearance. At dinner a plate of what our housewives call hot raised biscuits was passed. Huxley took one, looked it over carefully and then asked: "Is this a buckwheat cake?" Mr. Fiske's comment on this being that even a great mind was helpless before a proposition involving two unknown quantities.

Dr. Fiske's optimism on spiritual things and his cheerful serenity in the presence of these sublimest of problems, which he had stated with great and penetrating power, have been of vast benefit to his age. Many clergymen, as well as hosts of his great audience, have borne testimony to his saving their belief in spiritual things, when all the supposed foundations seemed to be slipping away. He has the fine enthusiasm of the prophetic soul.

Dr. Fiske at the time of his death was unquestionably our first man of letters. Outside his work in his two special lines he wrote numerous articles for the *Atlantic Monthly*, largely upon current events, all of which showed wide intelligence and research. A recent article entitled "Forty Years of the Shakespeare-Bacon Folly," was a delightful demolition of that most idiotic fallacy. For Dr. Fiske to attack such a collection of nothingness is something like taking a modern fifteen-inch gun to cannonade a grasshopper, but notwithstanding the fact that not a solitary human being entitled to be considered a Shakespearian scholar has ever attached a feather's weight to the Baconian nonsense, sundry people—poseurs—like to make themselves conspicuous by seeing that which cannot be seen.

In summing up the literary work of Dr. Fiske we may say that in his exposition of evolution he did more than any other man to popularize the new philosophy, the working out of which system, more than perhaps aught else, will make his century illustrious, and that his own contribution did more to humanize it and show its gentler and kindlier aspects than the work of any other writer.

That in history he had the grasp of thought and grace of manner of Parkman and saw a broader horizon and possessed a philosophic and wider range of essential knowledge than even that gifted writer; that he pictured in style of noblest prose the struggle and development of the nation before the people in a far clearer light than had been done by others, and that this cheerful optimist left every reader prouder of his country and its people, and more hopeful of the future than ever before. His exposition of history and of human life was cheerful and luminous in its perpetual serenity.

Outside his marvelous ability and rare scholarship, to those who knew him, the personality of the man was the greatest factor of all. He was a man of abounding vitality and exhaustless good will toward all of his fellows and the whole of life. He partook with zest of all the good things of this world, poetry, music, the drama, and the society of his friends, to whom he was a perpetual delight. He was a master of the technique of music, a good pianist and an interesting and appreciative singer. In his later years his corpulence had somewhat affected his voice, and I recollect that at a reception at my house when he had sung the "Two Grenadiers," "Sylvia" and other favorites, our old time comrade James S. Norton said to me as he was leaving the room: "I have greatly enjoyed the music. Fiske sings like a philosopher."

Howells says of him, "One of the kindest hearts in the world looked out of his spectacled eyes. At Cambridge his social and intellectual environment was as congenial as a man of his temperament could have, and he felt to the uttermost the inexpressible comfort of it." He was a universal favorite among his neighbors, who relate various quaint stories showing his childlike simplicity, with its touch of the atmosphere of Bohemia. Mrs. Fiske had a brother, James Brooks, a prosperous business man of Boston, a bachelor and very fond of Mrs. Fiske and the family, whom he would occasionally visit for a few days. As the story is told, one morning as Fiske was walking from his house to the Harvard Library, he met a friend who said presently: "Why, Fiske, you look bunged up. You don't look as if you had slept at all last night." Replied Fiske: "I did not sleep well at all. Jim Brooks kept me awake more than three hours, walking up and down with the baby." Fiske's baby, of course!

Another of the neighborhood stories was when Mrs. Fiske found, to her horror, that the children had learned the use of various profane words, while playing in the streets. Said Mrs. Fiske: "John, it's perfectly dreadful how our children are learning to swear. Yesterday Maud said to me, 'Mamma, I think Cousin Mary is a fool and Cousin Kate a damned fool.'" "Well," said the professor, after a moment's reflection, "Don't you think, Abby, that the child made a very accurate distinction as to the relative intellectual faculties of the two girls?"

Dr. Fiske lectured at the State University of Missouri for many years. The president was a great admirer of Dr. Fiske, and one day when talking with a student said to him: "I suppose of course you are attending the lectures of Professor Fiske." "No," said the boy, "I don't think much of Fiske." Said the president: "You ought not to miss one of his lectures. It is the opportunity of your life." Said the boy: "I don't admire Fiske. I think his writings are superficial." "What," said the president, "John Fiske superficial! You might as well say that he was emaciated!"

Dr. Fiske's robust figure encompassed a magnetic and jovial soul. His life was one of industrious and noble contentment. Each passing hour brought to him its delights. It might be said of him as was said of Darwin, that he was one whom the gods, for love of him, had endowed with perpetual youth, so that his death could never seem other than premature. His sudden death had in it an element of tragedy. He had a pleasant home in Cambridge which had been built for him by Mr. E. W. Stoughton, his mother's second

husband. His mother, again a widow, lived in a large and beautiful home, built by Richardson the great architect, and one of his most beautiful houses. Fiske's house was roomy and comfortable in all ways except in its library accommodations. He had a library of some ten thousand volumes, selected with reference to his literary work, which had greatly outgrown the room provided for it. The ceilings were high, the bookcases reached to the ceilings and the shelves usually had a double row of books, one behind the other, making them inconvenient of access. For years he had been planning to build an addition to the library room, but could not study out a plan to add it to the house without spoiling the symmetry of the building. Something over a year ago Mrs. Stoughton proposed that Mr. Fiske should give up his house and with his family come to live in her house, which had abundant room for all, and the plan was decided. Some changes were to be made in the house, among others Fiske was to have his ideal room for his library. In April, 1901, I spent an afternoon with Dr. Fiske and one of the first things he proposed was a walk to his mother's house to see his new work room. We visited it. The carpenters and other workmen were everywhere at work, but the new library was substantially finished—a beautiful room thirty by fifty feet, with a big fireplace in the middle of one side and the entire wall space of the room except the door and windows, covered with book shelves. His delight was almost boyish as he talked of his enjoyment when domiciled in his new workshop with all his books in easy reach. Then he was full, too, of the idea of his proposed trip to England. The year was the one thousandth anniversary of King Alfred of mighty memory, and the English people proposed to have a great commemoration of the event at Winchester. Departing from their usual insularity, the committee in charge had invited Dr. Fiske, a foreigner, to give the principal address on the occasion. He felt it the greatest compliment of his life. Much of the time of my brief visit was taken up in his discussion of the delightful summer before him, dwelling for a time in his new library, and in July sailing for England for the Winchester celebration, and also for some courses of lectures at the Universities at Oxford and Cambridge. The alteration at the new house consumed much more time than was anticipated, so that it was not until the second of July that he began to move his books to the new room. Soon after this was completed, he was to sail for England. On the Fourth of July, prostrated by the murderous heat, he passed away.

To those so blessed as to be of the inner circle of his friends his gifts of a rare and comprehensive scholarship, his versatility, his commanding power of clear and simple narrative are not more kindly and lovingly held in remembrance than his never-failing geniality and heartiness of personal good will. Such friends will count their intimacy with him as one of life's most cherished and precious remembrances.

For his work as historian, as evolutionist, and as theologian in its best sense, he ever aimed to promote the highest ends. He was industrious and conscientious, and wrought "as ever in his great Taskmaster's eye." For him therefore there could be no fear in facing the great unknown. With perfect serenity he could lie down to his long, his last and dreamless sleep. His experiences had been an illustration, and his life-work a revelation, of the ultimate justice of the laws by which men and worlds are governed, and in these laws he could calmly trust.

Few men could more confidently repeat the lines of Whittier:

"I know not where his islands lift
Their fronded palms in air.
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond his love and care.
And so, beside the silent sea
I wait the muffled oar.
No harm from him can come to me
On ocean or on shore."

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

The Old Testament Bible Stories Told for the Young

—by—

W. L. SHELDON,

Lecturer of the Ethical Society of St. Louis.

XXXV.

Jephthah's Daughter.

I can tell you now another kind of story, quite unlike the one about Samson. It belongs to the same time in the history of the Children of Israel, in those days when they were without one common form of government, as I said, and when they were every now and then having wars with the Canaanites. There is one sad remark which we find made over and over again at that time in regard to the Children of Israel. If you read their history you will see now and then how it says, "And the Children of Israel did that which was evil in the sight of their Lord."

And whenever you come upon this saying you can know that it is followed by an account of the way the Israelites suffered at the hands of the tribes of wicked people living there in Canaan. Sometimes it would be the Philistines, as in the story of Samson; at other times it would be some other wicked tribe afflicting the Children of Israel. And when this took place there would have to be war, as you know, so that one or another leader would arise to help the Israelites in their battles.

At one of those times a leader arose whose name was Jephthah, and he was said to be a mighty man of valor. Just at the time when he was growing up to young manhood the Children of Israel were having a great deal of trouble with the Ammonites, one of those wicked tribes who were the enemies of the Israelites.

Already Jephthah as a young man had been showing great strength and bravery, so that the Israelites felt they might look upon him as a leader.

And they sent for him, saying: "Come and be our chief, that we may fight with the children of Ammon." It was mainly the elders of Gilead who had sent to Jephthah in this way; and Jephthah said to the elders of Gilead: "If ye bring me to fight with the children of Ammon, and the Lord deliver them before me, shall I be your head?" And the elders of Gilead said unto Jephthah: "The Lord shall be witness between us; surely according to thy word, so we will do." Then Jephthah went with the elders of Gilead and the people made him head and chief over them.

I am not telling you this story so much in order that you may know about Jephthah, but in order that you may know about his daughter, a beautiful girl, brave and good and strong, whom you may want to hear about.

Jephthah made ready his army, feeling sure that he would be able with his soldiers to conquer the Ammonites. But he did one thing which nowadays we cannot at all well understand. In former times, a long while ago, people had a way of making vows, thinking that making such vows would help them to be successful in what they were trying to do. And Jephthah, wishing to assure himself about his success in fighting with the Ammonites, made one of these vows, which was something he ought not to have done, because it was the wrong kind of vow, although, as we might say, it was made in the right spirit.

His thought was, if he promised to give up some-

thing very dear to him—perhaps the dearest thing in the world—then the Ruler of the World would be on his side and help him all the more.

And Jephthah vowed a vow unto the Lord, saying: "If thou wilt indeed deliver the children of Ammon into my hand, that whatsoever cometh forth from the doors of my house to meet me when I return, it shall be the Lord's, and I will offer it up for a burnt offering."

Nevertheless he must have known that this would have been some one of his own family, and it meant a promise that he would put that one to death if he should win the victory, in order to show his willingness to give up something very dear to him. But we feel he had no right to do this with the life of another person. Human life is something sacred, and no one has the right to sacrifice a human being in that way.

But be that as it may, he set out with his army and won a great victory over the Ammonites.

So the Children of Ammon were subdued before the Children of Israel.

Jephthah came back, rejoicing in his victory. I fancy he may have forgotten all about the vow he had made, although this seems hardly possible. While he was thinking only of the success he had met with, and how glad all the elders of Gilead would be when he returned with the army, all of a sudden he was made to remember that sad vow. Who do you suppose was the one that came forth to meet him out of his house? Why, it was his own daughter—his only child. She had already heard of the success of her father, and of the great victory he had won, and she came out to meet him, singing and dancing to show her pleasure, and to let him feel her delight over what he had done. Surely this was natural enough, just the way any child would have done, any son or daughter, when their father had done something brave in this way.

As we are told, Jephthah came unto his house, and behold! his daughter came out to meet him, with timbrels and with dancing; and she was an only child; beside her he had neither son nor daughter. And it came to pass when he saw her that he rent his clothes and said: "Alas, my daughter, thou hast brought me very low; for I have made my vow and cannot take it back."

And he told her of the vow he had made before he had set out to conquer the Ammonites. Just think what a meeting that was between father and child! His heart must have been torn in pieces. How he must have wished that he had never made that vow, as he looked into the eye of his only child, his daughter there before him!

There was no way out of it, however, according to the customs of those days. When a man made a vow it had to be kept, no matter what it might be.

And what do you suppose this daughter did when she was told of this vow on the part of her father? Did she plead with him that he should spare her life, as indeed we might have expected of her; or, instead of pleading with him, did she try to escape, fleeing from her home or her country, and in that way saving her life? Surely she did not want to die; and it must have seemed hard indeed that she should have been asked to give up her life in order that the vow of her father might be carried out.

But no; this was a brave girl, with no thought about herself. She loved her father, even to the point of being willing to give up her life for his sake. She knew what an awful thing it would be for him to break that vow, now that it had been made. She felt that somehow a curse would come upon him unless she consented to die.

And this is what the daughter said to her father: "My father, thou hast opened thy mouth, and made thy vow; do unto me according to that which hath proceeded out of thy mouth; inasmuch as the Lord hath taken vengeance for thee of thy enemies, even of the children of Ammon." You see, there had been no pleading, no tears, no anger on the part of that brave girl; she stood there before her father, loyal to him in life and in death.

Only one favor she asked of her father, saying: "Let this thing be done for me; let me alone two months, that I may depart and go down upon the mountain and stay there for a time with my companions." And he said, "Go." And he sent her away for two months. And she departed, she and her companions, and staid alone with them two months upon the mountains.

One cannot help thinking of her there with her companions during that time, and what a heroine she was, how calm and how self-possessed and how fearless! She knew what it was to love her father. We know well enough that she wanted to live, for she was young and had scarcely entered upon what we would call real life. She must have been thinking to herself how she might have married and had children, with little ones to call her mother. And none of this could ever be; she would never be a mother nor a wife, but must give up all thought of that, in order to enable her father to keep his vow.

However, she never once changed her mind during those two months while she was there on the mountains. And it came to pass at the end of two months she returned unto her father, who did with her according to the vow which he had vowed.

This is the sad yet beautiful story of Jephthah's Daughter.

To THE TEACHER: The beauty and significance of this story lies in the character of the daughter and not in the heroism of Jephthah. One can speak of the noble loyalty on her part toward her father and of the sweet spirit of resignation displayed by her. The fact that Jephthah had to keep his vow must be spoken of as something pertaining to those days, and not as if nowadays such a vow ought to be kept. Dwell on the mistake of making rash vows or promises. Something could be said of the repeated saying about the Children of Israel "doing evil again in the sight of the Lord." There is a great lesson in history here, indicating that the struggle to keep on the good side must always be a battle and always be kept up, in that it does not come easy to stay good.

MEMORY VERSES: *Alas, my daughter, thou hast brought me very low, for I have made my vow and cannot take it back!*

My father, thou hast opened thy mouth and made thy vow; do unto me according to that which has proceeded out of thy mouth.

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THE STUDY TABLE.

Notes.

On the table lies a book from J. F. Taylor & Co., of New York. It is titled "The Great White Way;" in my judgment a very poor title. It prejudices me against the book, which, after all, I have found to be exceedingly entertaining and instructive. It professes to be a trip to the South Pole. The Pole is discovered, and around the Pole is the home of a people of remarkable qualities and social order. The whole story is well drawn, and comes close after such books as Robinson Crusoe for sustained interest. It is just as thoroughly charged with moral purpose as that immortal volume. Beside this, it has a good sprinkling of Yankee humor, and the characters are admirable and admirably sustained. I cannot find a dull page in the book. In fact, it is one that I intend to read over again; and now I intend to get the other books written by its author, Albert Bigelow Paine. Among the seventeen observations of Mr. Gale are these: "Luck is a good thing; but it's the men that don't count on it that mostly have it." "I never saw a failure that wasn't worth more than its cost, if the fellow that failed made use of it." "The best way to make yourself liked is to make yourself worth liking." "This is a good world, if we just think so. The toothache is about the worst thing in it, and we can have the tooth pulled." "It is easy to get rich if people only know it. Most folks want to make too hard work of it." "There may be men who could get rich playing poker; but I have only happened to meet the ones who had tried it."

The Collectivist Society of New York is trying to make socialism decent and useful by issuing a set of pamphlets that are really well written and worth study. If you wish to try these send to the Committee on Economic Study, Postoffice Box 1663, New York. Of course if you are in the habit of believing everything you read, your best way will be to let these pamphlets alone. They are valuable for those who think for themselves.

G. P. Putnam's Sons send me a small volume of discourses by Edward Everett Keedy, minister at Hadley, Mass. The title is, "The Naturalness of Christian Life." That is just what we want to get at—that the most natural thing in the world, for a decent man, is to be associated with Jesus. He can make splendid thinkers and workers out of any sort of good stock. Mr. Keedy finds the law of a man's life inside of him. He makes little or nothing of supernaturalism. To him Christianity is the standard for manhood. Best of all, he teaches that radically important truth, that those who want to be good, or great, must do what their hands find to do, right here today—instead of dreaming wonderful achievements in the way of virtue and goodness in some future life. "The joy of goodness and the sorrow of badness belong to charity. Heaven and hell are present experiences." I am having a good feeling from the conviction that this sort of preaching is going to shelve all the supernatural rubbish that has loaded down the ages, and murdered souls while professing to save them.

From McClure, Phillips & Co. I am in receipt of "Forest Neighbors, a life story of wild animals, written by a Chicago author, William Davenport Hulbert. It is a very readable and very instructive sample of those nature books which are now becoming so popular. Every now and then through the book there are pages which, like this introduction, are samples of picturewriting not often found. "The Biography of the Beaver," "The King of the Trout Stream," "The Strenuous Life of the Canada Lynx," and especially "Pointers from a Porcupine Quill" are monographs, in the form of chapters, that surpass anything that I have recently seen and read. The book is a thoroughly good one for boys and girls. I should like to quote some of the finer passages; but the more I look through the book the more it seems to me the whole volume must be taken by itself; it is fine from beginning to end. A short passage would not do it justice. The illustrations are novel and admirable.

I said something a few weeks ago about a novel called the Rustlers. A thorough reading of the book leads me to class it a good deal higher than I was inclined to do by a hasty reading of parts. The book is written in the most excellent style, the characters are admirably drawn, and there is a great deal of history in what is said about the rustlers and their war with the companies. The love story which runs through it is one of the most wholesome I have read for many a year.

I have promised a more thorough review of Mr. Wells' "Anticipations." I felt like such work while reading the first two chapters on "Locomotion in the 20th Century" and the "Probable Diffusion of Great Cities." These two chapters, if published by themselves, would stand a careful study. They do not, however, get to the bottom of the questions. The diffusion of great cities involves social conditions, and leads to other conditions, which Mr. Wells is forty miles from seeing. But when you pass into the chapter on "Developing Social Instincts" you feel irritated on every page. He does not hesitate in some cases to contradict himself; and the style passes more and more into a lofty assumption of superior vision, which is not based upon a careful study of conditions. There are passages in this chapter, however, which are strong and terse. Take this chapter, for instance, as an example of high-toned nonsense: "The United States, for example, the social mass which has perhaps advanced furthest along the new lines, struggles in the iron bonds of a constitution that is based on a conception of a number of comparatively small, internally homogeneous, agricultural States—a bunch of pre-Johannesburg Transvaals, communicating little, and each constituting a separate, antonomous Democracy of free farmers—slaving holding or slaveless." The best that you can say of such a sentence as this is, that it is a dictionary let loose. From every standpoint of criticism it is either false or foolish, or both. He tells us that "every country in the world that is organized at all has been organized with a view to stability within territorial limits." It would be difficult to define Russia, or the United States, or Great Britain, or Holland, or Spain on any such definition. In fact the very first principle of a Federal Union is *expansion* and *instability*. The only question is whether that expansion shall be honest and natural, or dishonest and forced. The chapter on Certain Social Reactions is certainly the most rash writing that I have met with in many a year. A good deal of it has a jocular air; and notwithstanding its rotund vocabulary, is a travesty on facts and on foresight. "The Life History of Democracy" is in the same style, but worse. The book as a whole reminds me of what Mr. Godkin has written ,although by no means as serious an assault on Democracy. Mr. Godkin seems to have created a school of pretentious writers, with a vast command of phraseology, which lends dignity to shallowness. If one must read this kind of arrogance let him lay down Mr. Wills and take up Godkin's "Problems of Modern Democracy" and "Unforeseen Tendencies of Democracy."

E. P. POWELL.

Some New Books.

The Mastery of the Pacific: Archibald R. Colquhoun. New York: 1902. The Macmillan Co. 80 pp. xvi. 440.

Mr. Colquhoun is too well known as a writer to need introduction. His last book is important. If we believed—as we do not—that the rest of the world exists merely to labor for our benefit, to be exploited for the advantage of the Anglo-Saxon, we should have naught but the highest praise for the book. We believe, however, that every people exists for its own benefit, not to slave for others; China has a right to live for itself, not for the sake of building up American commercial supremacy; the Filipinos may elect their own mode of life, even though their island homes might be a field for American capitalists "to develop." Having made this reservation with reference to the spirit of Colquhoun's book, we desire to express high appreciation of its interest and value. It is attractively written and is as interesting as a work of fiction. The author first presents a sketch of the history of discovery in the great ocean; he then considers in detail the United States in the Pacific, Great Britain in the Pacific, the Dutch in the Pacific, Japan in the Pacific, Other Powers in the Pacific. The physical conditions, population, opportunities, social and economic problems of the different regions are considered. The treatment of the Philippines is particularly full. The Straits Settlements, Australia, New Zealand, Fiji, Borneo and British New Guinea are treated in fair detail. The possessions of Holland, Japan, France and Germany are less fully discussed, but on the whole well considered. The book is not merely a chatty description of travel; it is a serious study of social, governmental and economic prospects. It is the best, straightforward presentation of important problems in that island world that has been made; in fact, it is the only comprehensive statement of them. The author is not blind to their serious character and significance. Among those which he discusses without gloves, but fairly and sensibly, are—the curious experiment which the United States is making in Philippine education, the government of Australia from London, the future of New Zealand, the outlook in New Guinea where three powers—Britain, Holland and Germany—are in contact, the possibility of international broils over colonial possessions, Chinese immigration. These and a score of other serious questions, which few of us have realized, are presented in a way in keeping with their importance. While serious and thoughtful, Mr. Colquhoun is not pessimistic; he has great confidence in the ability of English-speaking nations to deal with any problems. It is interesting to note how neither Dutchman, Franchman nor German quite measure up to Mr. Colquhoun's standard of a governor, but one must be allowed a wee bit of national feeling. On the whole, we heartily commend the book and only wish that it may have a wide reading. Mr. Colquhoun's wide experience through the Orient has well qualified him to speak with authority. He is a clear thinker and a forceful writer.

Geometric Exercises in Paper Folding: T. Sundara Row. Edited and revised by W. W. Beman and D. E. Smith. Chicago: 1901. The Open Court Co. 16mo, pp. x., 148. $1.

From Madras, India, comes a new and interesting application of an old pedagogical idea. T. Sundara Row has applied the principle of a well-known kindergarten play to the teaching of mathematics. He has devised a series of paper-folding exercises, which are novel and helpful. His work now appears in this country under competent American editorship. It is handsomely illustrated with many half-tone engravings, which have been made directly from photographs of original foldings. At first sight it would seem as if the method could be applied to but a few and very simple problems. It is, on the contrary, capable of application to many of the more difficult, and gives notably simple and direct demonstrations. Thus almost in the first section the matter of inscribed squares, series and limits are brought out in a manner more easily grasped than any we had before seen. The book is also highly useful in the way in which it groups together principles and problems, which are usually kept far apart. These new groupings and relations cannot but prove stimulating to the student. That the book may not simply be read, but that the author's idea may be practically carried out, a package of colored papers for folding accompanies it.

A Revolution in the Science of Cosmology: George Campbell. Topeka, Kansas: 1902. Crane & Co. 16mo, pp. 210.

The book is written to re-establish the biblical utterances upon scientific subjects. If anyone insists upon having such a book, perhaps he will welcome this one. The "science" which the book claims to destroy is a "dummy of straw," created by Mr. Campbell; it is easy of demolition. Science is not inerrant; the science of today will be left behind by that of tomorrow. But the geology assailed in this little book has never been taught by any geologist, past or present. The author says he has taught science for years; yet he is incapable of stating clearly, simply and definitely any scientific theories. His English is as bad as his geology, and his astronomy is little better. The curious, undigested, illogical explanations he offers do not lack some shrewd and original thoughts. But if they were presented in a careful and orderly manner, they would not produce the "revolution" in science which he imagines. Aimed at the godless and un-biblical science of the day, in defense of biblical teachings, they are certainly as much out of harmony with the literal statements of the Bible regarding creation as anything he assails. The book is *not* worth reading, but it is a pity that its few really original ideas and objections might not have been better presented.

FREDERICK STARR.

The June Monthlies.

New England Magazine.—"A Public School Garden," with illustrations. We would say to 100,000 school teachers, "Go, thou, and do likewise."

Wilshire's Magazine.—A poem by Ernest Crosby, "The Fallacy of Public Ownership," "The Servant Girl Problem," "Socialism and the Church." All this in the June number, sadly needing an adequate index.

The North American Review.—It is a little late to speak of the May number of this issue, but not too late to speak of one of the best bits of work that Mark Twain has ever accomplished. His "Defence of General Funston" is as philosophical as it is entertaining; it would be humorous were it not so profound. He compares the fundamental "It" of George Washington to General Funston's in a way to make an emphatic object lesson to the boys in schools who study American history. He derives his authority from friends of Funston, and then shows that it is "Funstonism" that prepared the way for "General Smith's world-celebrated order of massacre." Andrew Carnegie's article on "The Opportunity of the United States," which immediately precedes Mark Twain's study of Funston, makes this number of the North American a significant one to students of current statesmanship.

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

CHICAGO—*All Souls Church.* The various study sections of this church are drawing the season's work to a close. Last Sunday the Sunday-school closed its study work. Next Sunday will be Flower Sunday, and on the afternoon of Sunday, June 22, the third stereopticon review—the works of Michael Angelo will be exhibited. The Class in Religion, which is held on Tuesday morning, closed this week. The average attendance for the year has been something over thirty, and the program entered upon in October last, essentially as printed on the second page of this UNITY, has been carried out without an omission. The heavy rains of Saturday, the 7th, interfered with the annual picnic, which was to be a ground-breaking festival for the Abraham Lincoln Centre, so there was a postponement of one week. The ground-breaking is planned for next Saturday afternoon, June 14, rain or shine.

Foreign Notes.

FROM THE BOHEMIAN UNIVERSITY OF PRAGUE TO THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO.

Some two months ago the compiler of UNITY'S foreign notes was surprised by the receipt of a postal card (a plain, everyday postal card) from Greece. Two days later a letter arrived bearing likewise the Athens postmark. Folded within its eight closely written pages was another postal, a picture one, but with a written message almost identical with that of two days before. Taking up the accompanying sheets, the mystery was explained by the following humorous note and interesting biographical sketch, which, now that its distinguished subject will soon be among us, we would like to give wide circulation among those who might hear him if they but knew of the opportunity:

"Dear Madam: When I offered the enclosed card at the Athens P. O. the people there insisted on charging me letter postage, 5c, instead of 2c. So my Americanized conscience insisted on getting full value for my money, and I brought it back to make a real letter of it. I cannot do it better than by giving you some account of Dr. T. G. Masaryk, which you can send, if you like, unaltered to any paper in Chicago.

Sincerely yours,

"JOHN FRETWELL."

Dr. Thomas Garrigue Masaryk, who has been invited by President Harper to lecture on "Bohemian Life and Thought" before the University of Chicago, was born fifty-one years ago of a Czechisch family in Moravia, the Slavic population of which, like that of its neighbor Bohemia, was mostly Protestant at the time (1620) when the Pilgrim Fathers of New England left their home of refuge in Holland to seek freedom to worship God in their own way and force others also to use that way, in what we now call New England.

Left a widow soon after her now distinguished son's birth, his mother tried to educate him as a teacher in the Roman Catholic schools, but she had not means enough, and the young man became a blacksmith to support himself and his mother. Like our Robert Collyer, while working at his anvil he did not forget the culture of the mind and heart, and the music of his hammer strokes was but the brave young man's accompaniment to the song which the human heart has for all who belong to this world of ours.

By his self-help he made such progress that he saved the means to study at the University of Leipzig, and while there he met the American lady—then studying music in Leipzig—who is now his wife and will accompany him on his visit to her old American home. He afterwards became *Privatdocent*, or unpaid professor, at the celebrated Roman Catholic University of Vienna and acquired a very high reputation by his lectures and published essays on sociology.

A work of his, published at Vienna in 1881, on "Suicide as a Social Phenomenon of our Modern Civilization," shows how even at that early date he had imbibed a strong sympathy for some of our American institutions. In a chapter on the remedies for that social malady of which suicide is only one symptom he writes: "It is possible that a revival of religious life will take place without any formal union of existing ecclesiastical institutions; perhaps the congregational method and organization of religious individualism, the last development of Protestantism, or something resembling it, may bring about a permanent revival of religious consciousness."

When Masaryk published these words the Austrian universities, even in the Slavic provinces of Bohemia and Moravia, used only the German language, although Tchechisch (or Bohemian) is the native tongue of more than three-fourths of the people in Prague. When at last the government yielded to the demands of the Bohemians for a university in which their own language was spoken, the instructor, T. G. Masaryk, was appointed to the full professorship there. He has lectured to crowded audiences and his works have been published in French, Bohemian and German.

In a land where the sentiment falsely attributed to Dr. Martin Luther:

"Who loves not women, wine and song,
Remains a fool his whole life long,"

has been pushed to malign extremes, Professor Masaryk has had the courage to say in an address before a medical association that alcoholism is the refuge of cowardice; also that a man should be the husband of only one wife, and so has made the keepers of the beer-houses and brothels as hostile to him as are the priests, who are offended by his preference of congregationalism to clericalism.

In a study of the works of the greatest Bohemian historian, Palacky, published in 1899, Professor Masaryk points to the period between the burning of the martyr John Huss in 1415 and the final destruction of Protestant hopes in Bohemia by the untoward result of the battle of Prague, 8 November, 1620, as the golden age of Bohemian history, and looks to the Unitas fratrum, the society known to us as the Moravian brethren, as an important factor in the regeneration of his native land.

When nearly two years ago an innocent Jew named Hilsner was condemned to death by a priest-ridden jury on the foul and false charge of having murdered a Romanist peasant girl in order to use her blood for ritual purposes at the celebration of the Jewish Passover, it was Professor Masaryk who, aided by the medical knowledge of the Prague physician, Dr. J. B. Bulova, had the courage to publish a pamphlet proving the falseness of the accusation, and so forced the Austrian authorities to order a new trial, in which the charge of ritual murder, so often and so wickedly raised by French and Austrian clericals against the innocent Jews, was abandoned.

When, last October on the way from America to Egypt, I stopped for a few days at Prague to visit Professor Masaryk, I saw in a shop window a picture which moved me more deeply than all the painted treasures of the Dresden galleries. Below it were Bohemian words meaning "Behold the Martyr." It represented John Huss bound to the stake amid the burning faggots of Constance. His eyes looked upwards and, dimly traced as tho' visible only to Huss himself, were the features of the first Christian martyr, Jesus of Nazareth, kissing the brow of the latest, John of Husinec. And I could not help thinking that if only the Bohemian people prized the religion of John Huss and Jerome of Prague as highly as they do their speech and their nationality, they would soon work out their own salvation.

There is a hopeful suggestion in the fact that on the very day, 8 November, 1620, when the hopes of the Bohemian Christians were disappointed by the defeat at Prague, Elder Brewster and William Bradford were already on their way to the land where they founded Plymouth Colony, and Americans are already working for this cause in Bohemia. A little pamphlet called "The Gospel in the Land of John Huss," published by the Congregational Board of Missions in Boston, Mass., contains an interesting account of the work done in Bohemia, Moravia and Austria by the Reverends Dr. Clarke and Mr. Porter, and gives good reason to hope that the faith of the Pilgrim Fathers who sought refuge in America over 281 years ago may now serve to inspire the Bohemian people whose ancestors suffered so severely for it.

There is no man in the whole Austrian empire so well fitted as Professor Masaryk to tell our people the truth about the Bohemian people, their past history, their present life and their hopes for the future. JOHN FRETWELL.

Athens, 4 April, 1902.

Professor Masaryk is scheduled as one of the speakers in the summer course of "open lectures" offered by the University of Chicago. His subject is announced as "The Philosophy of the History of a Small Nation," and he will give fifteen lectures between the dates June 23 and July 11. For the "open lectures" matriculation and registration are not required. A full program will be mailed to any address on application to the Recorder of the University of Chicago. M. E. H.

The undersigned would respectfully call upon the President and the Congress of the United States, the churches, our fellow-ministers and all citizens, promptly and emphatically to condemn the recent cruelties reported to have been committed by certain soldiers and officers of the army in the Philippines, such as the "Water-cure", "Rope-cure" and other tortures, and the admitted "kill-all-over-ten-years-of-age" order. These barbarities are uncalled for by modern warfare, unsanctioned by the laws and precedents of the United States government, unworthy of our traditions, and in flagrant contradiction of our avowed purposes. We deplore and condemn all attempts to palliate or excuse these cruelties on the ground of special provocation or military exigencies, and in order that the good name of our army, the standing of our country among the nations of the world, and above all, that the cause of humanity may be vindicated, we ask for a thorough investigation of these charges, and a prompt punishment of any person responsible for such outrages as may be proved; and we welcome gratefully the decided action which the President already has taken.

NAME.	ADDRESS.
Signed:	
Charles E. Perkins.	Keosauqua, Iowa.
J. M. A. Spence,	Green Bay, Wis.
Nicholas P. Gilman,	Meadville, Pa.
C. C. May,	Adrian, Minn.
Inga Anderson,	Waupaca, Wis.
Maude Stephenson,	Adrian, Minn.
Attilie Hallas,	Adrian, Minn.
Susan Perry Peckham,	59 Livingston St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Harriett M. Moore,	91 Hicks St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Ellen E. Warner,	17 Madison St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
E. H. Moore,	91 Hicks St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Henry Hoyt Moore,	91 Hicks St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Helen D. Moore,	125 Hoyt St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Alice N. Shepard,	415 Washington St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Helen R. Junes,	9 Clifton Pl., Brooklyn, N. Y.

My dear UNITY—I send you the following names of Universalist ministers in the West, who have signed the petition regarding inhumanities in the Philippines. Of 62 sent to, 38 have signed, 3 positively refused; others unheard from probably mostly through carelessness. Will send in other names, if received. Yours, *R. F. Johonnot.*

NAME.	ADDRESS.
Rev. Leslie Willis Sprague,	Helena, Mont.
Rev. Lila Frost Sprague,	Helena, Mont.
Geo. H. Ashworth,	Ravenna, Ohio.
Harriet I. Baker,	Blanchester, Ohio.
Ella E. Bartlett,	St. Louis, Mo.
Francis B. Bishop,	Marseilles, Ill.
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Barlow G. Carpenter,	Macomb, Ill.
A. B. Church,	Akron, Ohio (Pres. Buchtel College).
O. G. Colegrove,	Woodstock, Ohio.
E. L. Conklin,	Elgin, Ill.
John S. Cook,	Galesburg, Ill.
Geo. E. Cooley,	Grand Rapids, Mich.
Wm. F. Crispin,	Akron, Ohio.
Florence K. Crooker,	Ann Arbor, Mich.
Andrew W. Cross,	Riverside, Cal.
George Crum,	Cedar Rapids, Iowa.
Geo. E. Cunningham,	Kansas City, Mo.
L. J. Dinsmore,	Chicago, Ill.
O. C. Evans,	Rochester, Minn.
J. L. Everton,	Hoopeston, Ill.
A. C. Grier,	Racine, Wis.
Carl F. Henry,	Cleveland, Ohio.
J. E. June,	Markesan, Wis.
Henry Lewellen,	Fort Wayne, Ind.
E. G. Mason,	Akron, Ohio.
Lee S. McCollester,	Detroit, Mich.
Henrietta G. Moore,	Springfield, Ohio.
C. Ellwood Nash,	Galesburg, Ill. (Pres. Lombard College).
F. C. Priest,	Chicago, Ill.
Geo. A. Sahlin,	Sycamore, Ill.
R. E. Sykes,	Denver, Col.
Henry B. Taylor,	St. Paul, Minn.
A. R. Tillinghast,	Minneapolis, Minn.
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R. F. Johonnot,	Oak Park, Ill.

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Those desiring to take part in this work will find any or all of the following books of great value:

BIRDS:
- Handbook of Birds. - Frank M. Chapman.
- Bird Life, - - - - " "
- American Land Birds, - - - - Apgar.

TREES:
- Trees of America, - - - - - "
- Familiar Trees and their Leaves, F. Schuyler Mathews.

FLOWERS:
- Familiar Flowers of Field and Garden, - F. Schuyler Mathews.
- How to Know Wild Flowers, } Mrs. Wm. Starr Dana.
- How to Know Ferns, - }

INSECTS:
- Insect Life, - - J. H. Comstock.
- Butterflies, - - - - Holland

Other necessities being: a pair of opera or field glasses, note books, magnifying glass, dark glasses; for ladies, short skirts and strong boots.

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A class in sketching from nature will be held at Tower Hill, Wis., from August 18th to August 29th, provided a sufficient number register for the course before June 20th. The mediums pencil, brush and water-color from flowers and landscape. The class will be conducted by Mrs. Hannah Johnson Carter, Director of the School of Elementary Art Instruction, Chicago. This opportunity for personal instruction should be of value to teachers and to all those who wish to combine instruction of this sort with fresh air and fine scenery.

For terms and further particulars, address,
MRS. HANNAH JOHNSON CARTER,
Fine Arts Building, Chicago.

LIBRARY CLASS.

MISS EVELYN H. WALKER

A graduate of the class in Library Science of the University of Chicago and Librarian of the circulating library of All Souls Church, Chicago, after her return from the Summer Library School at Albany, N. Y., will give a course of twelve lessons in Library Science at the Tower Hill encampment, provided a sufficient number register for the course before June 20th. The class will open July 22d, and continue four weeks. The course will be arranged with special reference to the practical needs of librarians in charge of Sunday school, public school and small circulating libraries, and will include the cataloging, classification, shelving, charging and care of books. The hours will be so arranged as not to conflict with the course in literature given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones. Tuition, $5.00.

For further particulars address,
MISS EVELYN H. WALKER, 3939 Langley Ave.

REFERENCES: Mrs. Zella Allen Dixson, University of Chicago. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, 3939 Langley Ave., Chicago.

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With the consent of the class, the History Work may be distributed throughout the five weeks in half-hour periods from 10:30 to 11:00, sharp; followed by Poetry work, 11:10 to 12:10. Full schedule of topics, with references, next week.

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